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VOL. LXXVII.

No. 1

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens gratia manet, nomen laudisque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, anatholique PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1911.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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Students of Yale University.



**"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimesque PATRES."**

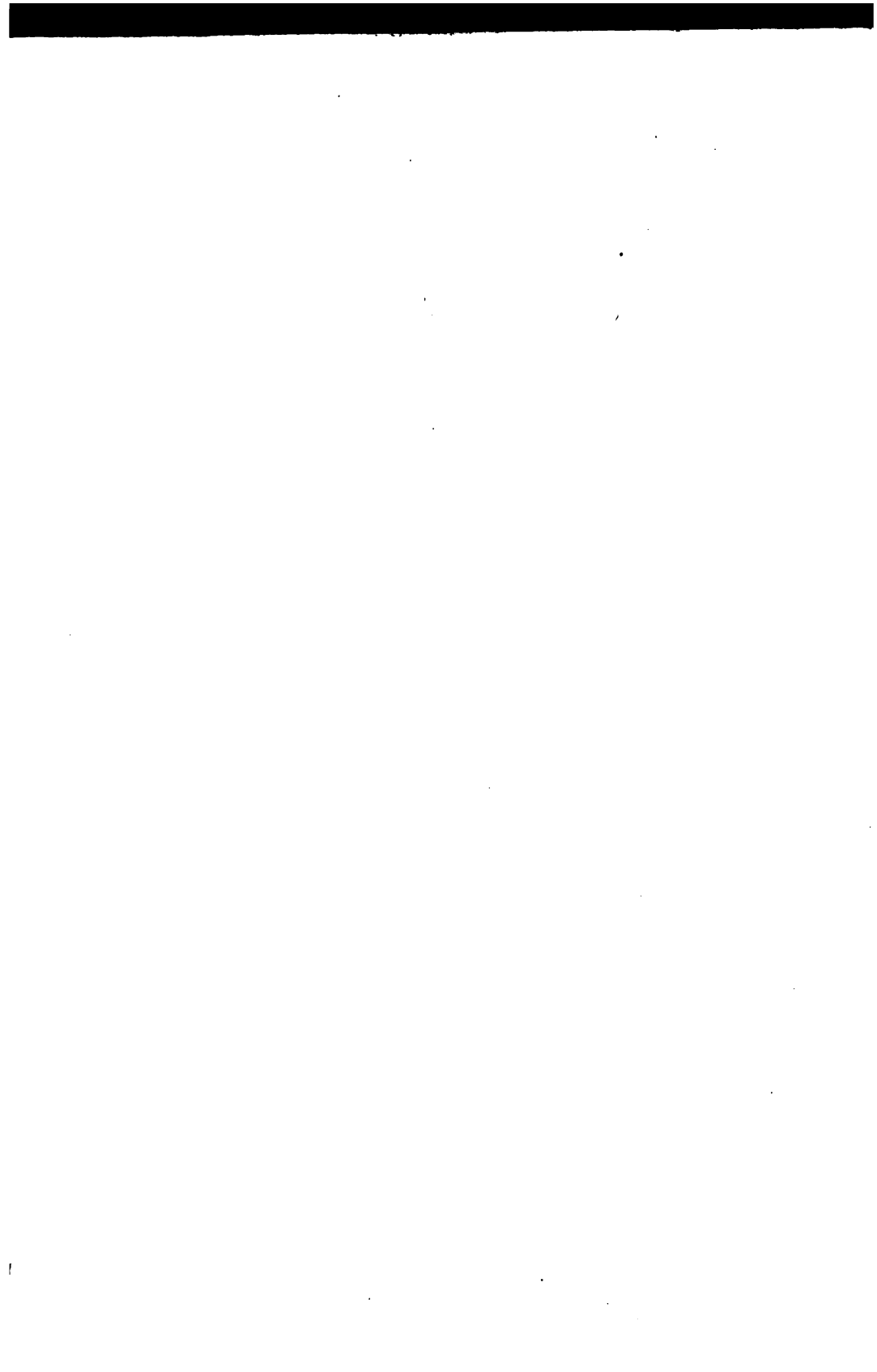
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Seventy-seventh Volume with the number for October, 1911. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors or their authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

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VOL. LXXVII.

OCTOBER, 1911

No. 1

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BUSINESS MANAGER

WILLIAM CHESTER SMITH

FROM A GERMAN FOREST.

BELOVED Classmates in 1912—(or, rather, for fear you might suspect that I am going to be unrestrained and emotional, and therefore abstain from reading me)—gentlemen—what I have to say concerns you. I am painfully aware that I am not your official spokesman; and God knows whether you'll feel flattered at my presumption, but last summer, for a single hour, I summed you up in me, and saw and felt our life—I should say divined, for it seemed almost prophetic—with a clarity still compelling. You know, how, after a short sojourn from college—even after the walk of a Sunday afternoon, be it a stretch of road laid behind, or an ascent for a view of the sail-dotted Sound—matters seem different, simpler, certain obsessions dwarfing themselves beside the really important issues? Isn't it as if fresh air had transmuted blood into fire, and summoned from the lungs earth-embracing breaths? So it was with me one summer morning, wandering in the brown-green, profound Schwartzwald. I hold you now, drowsy fragrance of pines, and breeze that sailed gleaming clouds above the tree-tops, and gave languid rhythm to the boughs. The flickering sunshine painted momentarily the

bark of the thick-set trees, and touched the fragile, pallid grass through which the soil shone reddish. I threw myself on the moss beside tiny, stellated flowers. Audible only the gurgle of a spring commingled with the distant creaking of a heavy cart drawing its freight of lumber down toward Herrenwies';—beyond the trees that descended the slope there was visible a little clear dell, and through the pool of sunlight could have pranced upon her white steed, without surprising me, the sorceress Loreley. And there, in all that tranquility of earth, I drew in, as with a physical sensation, the realization that the life of our class, taken individually or as typical of all classes in the Yale of our day, is unworthy. She holds us all, that strong Mother Yale, in constant embrace, and I dreamed of her, and pondered, and then an illumination took place within me. "We have only one year more," thought I, "and here we are, in spite of all our good qualities—complacent, self-satisfied, and dead."

By this time a large percentage of my small reading public will have made up their minds concerning the sentiments that motivated me in writing this article, and turn pages. Believe me, that spirit plays no part in my attitude. If I did not consider you—well, you're too conceited already—and that's why it's vital we realize once and for all wherein we are empty. Your virtues are many—lack of false sentiment, whole-hearted love of athletics, healthy ideas in regard to women, good citizenship. But there are things that exalt life into a poem, there are things that glorify and console, there are spiritual windows, and we know them not. For we are dead. We have no individuality, we have no imagination, no love for art, enthusiasm for little besides sport, absolutely no passion, neither for God nor Man. We crave one thing with heart, soul, and mind—social distinction. It is not entirely our own fault. Do you remember long, long ago, as impossibly far back as prep. school, how parents, friends, alumni, all the generation that values little save salutations, began dinning in the ideal of social success? "Don't queer yourself," they said, "get in right with the right set; if you don't make certain things you're a failure!" The opening of Freshman year—the new men listening from their darkened rooms to the chorus on the street; the

standard-torches of the singing processions, the clinging together and emerging of the class;—I wonder whether there were even then a dozen men unspoiled enough to appreciate the lyricism of it, to realize what it signified. And by the time of the reception in Dwight Hall, while the big men were urging us to do something for Yale, we occupied ourselves avoiding introductions and resolving what to do for ourselves. Work, work, not for love of it, not because we loved rowing or writing, not because we craved certain friendships, but because we wanted to get somewhere, to see ourselves rewarded with success. "The family wants it; who wants to be nobody; all that is worth while, after all, is social recognition; devil take all that won't further us!" And that is an ideal.

Now, after three years, let's have a look at us. Between the faculty and the social system we have been moulded into a type. The attitude of the faculty has always been a fascinating riddle to me. At times it would seem that it has taken the later Tolstoi seriously, and has decided to throw out Beethoven so that we may all be simple, unsophisticated *moujiks*, forgetful that it is impossible to improve humanity by depriving it of intellectual giants; at others, the policy seems to be a comparative *laissez faire*, an attitude of satisfaction with the products of a shamefully one-sided system. The entire matter narrows itself to the question of real public service. The nation asks for bread, and we are allowed to petrify, and develop a sense of humor. We are turning out to be a lot of little "pillars of society," men of no intellectual prominence. For every bit of fire, everything that makes men give all for an idea, that creates great enthusiasms, great movements, has been crushed out of us. We have faulty standards—we value men for what they don't do, and require really very little of them. The Devil wouldn't buy one of our souls. A true conservatism doesn't exist, for we dislike not so much reform as we do the idea that anyone should have the bad taste to be radical. Have you ever wondered why the criticisms of the *News*, (and they are plentiful enough), that are sniggered about, are never cried from our housetops? Our democracy is curious, too; Yale is as thorough an oligarchy as was ever founded on fear, and that the fright of being frowned upon by the powers that be, and

consequently becoming nobody. You would think that among young men originality, individualism would abound; but only among a few outcasts is any movement perceptible, and the average man ignores the ideas of those who have no position. Rarely is anyone imaginative, in a society that is continually, unconsciously, weaving an epic, full of miniature struggles, where, if one will but listen reverently enough there is always audible the hiss and clank of the forging of some slender *Nothung*; where one need not strain to become aware of an Hippolytos taming in a cloud of dust and gold, a horse, winged, perhaps, and half divine. Go and listen for ideas in undergraduate conversation! I confess it is pleasing to find that the undergraduate body loses no sleep sighing for Academe, but it is depressing to find evidence that practically no reading is done. In the line of thought our assets are a few parlor agnostics and a debating society that evokes flattering comparisons with the Oxford Union. The English department speaks of producing authors, but we will have no authors while we feel nothing, while a power greater than we cannot take the pen from our hands and make us writers of something great. For we have been undermining, all the while, everything that makes for prominence. We shall all be notable a little, and none of us very much. We shall all be respectable, and adore John R. Mott. And is it possible, classmates mine, that any one among you is dissatisfied?

"And so you think we would have done better by reading Shelley, and playing Schumann, and looking at good pictures," cry you, "instead of working for ourselves? We hold up success as an ideal, and you defined pleasure and self-indulgence, as if it were very much more to be desired!" No, I am not talking aestheticism or subtle emotion. I insist on the love of what is fine in art, in thought, in prophesy, only because such love is the expression of inward depth and richness and bigness, whereas love of success is the expression of an abysmal vulgarity. Love of power bridled with worthy ideals will carry you far; given free rein, will destroy. The nation needs idealists far more than it needs good business men. Ideals, I know, is an intangible word, associated with Alpine summits. Call it what you will—something that comes from the inner heart

must direct our efforts away from the pigmy prominence toward which we now strive. We must write because we love art; we must act because we love acting and poetry; we must make friends because we crave friendship; we must go to prayers because we love God. Believe that it is enough to do something fine; believe that virtue rewards itself; love something outside of yourself—otherwise your work is worth nothing.

What is to be done about it? There are among us a number of variously disguised blockheads who don't care how matters stand; there are some that believe Yale need aspire to little besides conserving the Puritan tradition, that its sphere is separate from that of Oxford and Berlin; but there are a few who feel keenly that the material now coming to Yale—better there is none in the country—is not being turned to best advantage. With this generation you can do little—you can tell the Freshman class to do what they in their heart of hearts recognize as the finest thing to do, that nothing else is worth while, and they won't believe you; you can tell your brother, and he'll be one in fifty. But if everyone who shares these views would embody the ideal that makes for the state of affairs where

"Each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are,"

twenty-five years would see Yale turning out men of greater intellectual power and distinction than are now being produced. And meanwhile, we in the Senior class, though we may not be able to reform the University, can still try to get the *News* to publish important articles and to represent the student-body, the *Dramat.* to resurrect the spirit of its founders, the *Lit.* heelers to write about the things they feel instead of the things they think'll take; we can try to enjoy our last year as we should have enjoyed the others; we can try to live out our lives as much as it is still possible for us to do so. Even that would be worth while; much more cannot be expected, for it is here in the air, that curious influence that makes such splendid slaves of us all. It was easy enough for me to be fired with new ideas, new hope, new life, in the brooding, wholesome Schwartzwald; as I sit writing here at Caux, with the wide lake, the rugged shoulders of the smoke-blue mountains, the cloud-palaces, before me, it

seems so easy to trumpet abroad what I believe true; it will be easy in Paris to see the value of Yale in culture and artistic life, in the realm of pure reason; even in New York there will still be the desire to seize a banner and throw it to the winds in defiance; but I know that once more in New Haven, there will be little impulse save to sink back into the same self-satisfaction, believing that indifference is better than enthusiasm, that conduct is everything and ideas nothing, careless of all the brave things the forest whispered me.

Paul L. Rosenfeld.

. THE SEER.

Still do the people clamor? I am old
And know that all is vain. Am I a seer?
And must I still be taunted and reproached
With that sad striving for an unknown truth
Which once I thought was life? Come, tell them, then,
That I have found the peace that is beyond;
And ever does the vision haunt me now:—
There is a mighty river darkly flowing
Down through the fertile valleys it has carved,—
Along the dreary swamp-lands it has formed,—
Toiling mysteriously, time without end:
Now silent, feeding many a glimmering land,—
Now moaning slumbrously throughout the night,
Swollen with many floods. And now behold
City on city springing to the light
And gleaming opalescent, on the bays,—
Drawing their life from off the mighty stream;
And lo! innumerable fleets that ply
From side to side upon the water's face.

I hear the strife of many by the shores,
Some crying that the stream is guided down
From some still valley in the shadowy hills,
And others, that it poureth by itself:—
And even as they struggle, they are gone,
And now the cities crumble and are gone,
But still the river toileth ceaselessly.

J. Fenimore Cooper, Jr.

WAR.

FOR days they had marched; every day, hour after hour, through country roads baked hard by the sun. The first shuffling feet made a fine powder of it; as the regiment passed on, grinding and stamping it away, the dust rose in a hazy mist that filtered through leather and cloth and even skin till it clogged every pore and muscle. The thicker rolling clouds sometimes rose head-high, then the soldiers choked and tried, dry-mouthed, to spit. Hard clods of dirt slipped into the boots that sank ankle-deep in the ruts, bruised the instep for a moment, then, crushed into dust, trickled down to heel and sole, a slippery, chafing film between foot and shoe.

Winton trudged on with the others. Sometimes in the early morning he felt a slight exhilaration in moving again, but, after the stop for eating, the weariness of yesterday and all the days before would come again, when all his senses were in his aching legs and shoulders. Later he would become sluggish, almost unconscious of pain, and then the men on either side of him would pat him on the back and say, "Brace up, Johnnie!" They always called him Johnnie, but the name, once amusing, had ceased even to irritate him. When first he had been called it, he had looked up at the man with a sudden smile of pleasure. It was the first time he had felt any chance of fellowship with the others. But long ago he had lost any desire for friendship; the men soon noticed the fact, and he thought that they left him alone. He had grown so used to the big figures beside him on the march, with their large, unshaven faces and their rough hands, that he scarcely noticed when they tried to cheer him up, or even helped him bodily along the road.

Sometimes when his brain was not very tired, he would think over all the past events, and wonder to what they would ever lead. He had known war before he left home; it had surrounded him for the three years before, all the blood and thunder of war; when the windows rattled at the booming of

the guns; when the soldiers sometimes tramped in round the house after a fight, tired and bleeding, cursing themselves and one another, and laughing at the enemy, falling asleep where they sat down, but waking in the morning with all the energy and bustle of boys; and once when a solitary man had appeared in the door, with the terror of death in his eyes, had spoken a word to the woman that cried out as she saw him, and then was gone again into the night. He had seen war, but the glamour of it had long since departed; the chivalry of the lance and dagger, he knew, was gone, but the excitement still clung round it, the fighting, the noise, the running, even the wounds and death had called to the spirit within him, and when the time came, he had gone to fight. He had gone alone, leaving the small estate where he had always lived, leaving the only friends he had ever known, going out, a modern Sir Launfal, into a strange unknown world to fight the wrong he scarcely understood. He looked across at the fields and trees along the road, with the dust settling down undisturbed over the green; farther away, nothing but the quiet, peaceful woods, and the hot, flat stretches where the heat waves rose quivering against the trees, and his eyes ached at the sight. Then he looked down at his hands and wrists where his sleeves had rubbed the dust in till they were brown and stiff with dirt. His neck, too, was sore from dirt and chafing, his hair was caked with the dust. The uniform, always heavy and soggy now, clung close to his body. At times he would loosen it away to let a breath of air in upon his skin, but only the clouds of dust sifted down. Night was worse. He would fall asleep in the coolness of the evening, only to wake shivering in the early morning. His clothes, soaked with sweat, were cold and clammy, his shirt stuck against his back like a plaster. Then he would hug himself tight in his blanket, roll over, and try to doze off again.

The other men watched him curiously. He had come into the regiment alone, he had found no friends on his arrival. Most of them, too, came unknowing and unknown, but quick if not close friendships had sprung up among them as they sat round at night, talking of their early crops which no one would attend to, comparing little country farms or city businesses, some laughing at the way the horses were cared for in a cavalry

regiment they had once camped near, others discussing the fames and abilities of the officers from their several towns. Winton never mingled in the conversations. His knowledge of their different pursuits was very vague, he was too young to know most of the officers personally, and he had none of the interest of these clerks and farm-hands in men whose names alone he knew. This was a class with which he had never associated before; when he thought of his actions at all, he despised himself as a snob, but he felt no attraction and no possible means of intimacy. The other men understood better than he. They had watched his class all their lives, and they forgave his weaknesses. They were sorry for him, too. He had come to camp with more energy and exuberance than anyone, and they had watched him droop. His spirit was not gone, nor his strength, nor even his hope, only his enthusiasm. He no longer smiled at them merrily, even if politely, when they all got up in the morning. He had always thanked them in a queer formal way for any small service, now he only murmured some little perfunctory word; when he said nothing, they realized that he probably had not even noticed their help. They saw that he felt more at ease by himself and they tried to help him avoid them. There was not a man there but would probably have doubled his march to have saved the boy his share, yet every night as he lay trying to sleep while the others still talked, he wondered hazily why he could make no friends.

One or two of the men tried sometimes to get him out of his dazed condition. They felt that all he needed was a companion, to whom he could talk, with whom he could break this endless silence and monotony. Most of the attempts were made by his comrade on the march. He was a great hulking fellow named Carnaby, whom Winton had instantly characterized as "sloppy" in his dress, his walk, and his manners, and to whom he had taken a sudden dislike. He would talk at night for an hour in long, slow sentences on nothing in particular, while Winton, repulsed by his very closeness, tried indifferently not to look too bored. One night, watching the boy closely, he turned his subject to the farm where he had lived, to his work there, and his family, especially his mother.

As he went on in detail, quite simply, of what she had done for them, the thoughts came to Winton of his own home, with a thousand remembrances, very far away now. He thought of his own family, and he turned his head away. He was very tired that night, he feared he might break down. As he raised his hand quickly to brush his eyes, the man leaned forward.

"Can't yer cry it out?" he said kindly. "It'll do yer a lot of good."

The boy looked up as if a sudden great understanding had come to him. He gazed for a moment at the man, then a flush of deep shame came over his face and he dropped his eyes.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said, and that was all; but the man understood and lumbered away.

The night was sultry and damp, the next day another scorching stretch of marches. Carnaby had glanced at him when they fell in, but seeing the same dazed, vacant look again on his face, had said nothing. They camped late that day. After supper was finished, Winton wandered out from the circles of men. In the distance there were hills, some thin woods ran down from them almost to the camp, farther up the road was a house. There seemed to be a breeze among the woods, and Winton walked slowly towards them. He heard a rippling sound, and, following, found a little stream that dashed along, still with some of its splashing fervor of the hills. He pulled off his shoes and socks and kicked his aching, raw feet in the cool water. Then suddenly he pulled off his clothes and stepped into the stream. For a moment he sat in it like a tub, then, putting his arms above his head, he lay back flat, letting the water run over his arms, face, body, and legs, washing away all the grime and sweat of a week. He rose with a sputter, tingling all over for the first time in days. He rubbed himself as well as he could, put on his clothes with a shudder of disgust, and walked along the stream till he came to the house he had seen before. The lamps were just being lighted inside, and he could hear children being sent to bed. He lay down beside the hedge to listen to the voices. He could not see inside, but he could hear the children still playing vociferously, and the father trying to

usher them upstairs. Finally there was a lull, and "One—two—three!" then a patter of small feet running up the stairs, and heavy steps behind them, wild shrieks of excitement, then a man's deep, loud laugh, as the father evidently caught them in his arms and swept them along with him. Without any reason, Winton put his head down on the ground and sobbed. It was what he had needed so long, a real reminder of his home, and now the tears came and washed away the dustiness from his brain as the water had from his body.

When he reached camp, he found Carnaby alone and sat down beside him. They talked long together, quite openly and frankly, each about himself, his troubles and mistakes on the march, and then about his life at home. Carnaby told him more about his mother, how she objected to his coming to the war, and finally of the parting. Winton smiled at the childish directions the mother had given, then suddenly asked the other how old he was. The man told him—twenty-one.

"Why, I'm twenty myself!" exclaimed Winton, and the other smiled at his astonishment. But the fact brought home to Winton all the more strongly how impossible any friendship was between him and the men around him. He could talk to Carnaby as his kindly protector and helper, but as two boys—he smiled to himself at the idea, and then despised himself for smiling. The overwhelming desire came over him for a friend, one of his own sort, whom he could understand. The next few days of marching undid most of the good he had received. The weariness and dustiness settled down again over body and soul; once more he felt himself inseparably removed from the others. The march ended in three days. They had joined the army. The next day, Winton learned, there might be a battle, and in the morning, amidst the bustle of an army, some of his old excitement returned. But the battle did not take place that day, or the next, or the one after. Winton felt as if he had been deceived, a sullen disappointment swept over him for that long, tiresome, useless march.

But the battle came at last. The men rose early in the morning, and Winton soon realized that it was again only another march. They marched over fields where there was no dust, but the sickening regularity of the tramping feet wore

out his remaining interest quite as well. He could hear guns in the distance, but he felt apart from them. Then the regiment topped a hill, and Winton saw the battle below him. They were halted, for how long, he could not tell. They were moved on again, nearer the fighting. Again they halted, and in a few minutes were joined by a small body of men, all that were left of a regiment in the last charge. They stood together on a little knoll, and Winton's eyes immediately singled out one man. He was standing a little behind the others, his cap was gone, his shirt was torn open at the neck, his sleeve was a little red with blood, but he stood there calmly, smiling a little at this band of recruits. Winton looked again at the men around him, their scraggly two weeks' beards, their coarse, hairy hands. He felt the old repulsion for them at the sight of this man whom he suddenly realized he wanted to know.

The regiment moved forward, the newly-acquired veterans with them. Winton strode along with a queer feeling in his breast. He knew he was going to fight, but the realization of war would not come upon him. He had seen so many soldiers in the few years before, so many men carried in wounded and dying, while he was perfectly safe, that he still felt himself apart from any bloodshed. They were near the field, going faster now. He remembered they had been ordered to charge, and not to fire uselessly. He could hear the bullets now above his head, then he heard something else, a shriek, and a few groans beside him. His brain took in nothing, he only went on. A moment later Carnaby fell by his side. He glanced down at the bulky, huddled figure as he passed along. They were still going forward. Somewhere back there his left arm had become numb. As the thought slowly reached his mind, he looked down at it. Part of the sleeve had been torn away, a great piece of flesh had gone with it, and his forearm was raw and bleeding. He became suddenly faint, not that there was any pain, but the sight of his own blood sickened him. He glanced back. One or two men had already broken and dropped behind; he had watched them abstractedly. There was the crash of a shell in front, and the regiment with one impulse halted for a moment. Winton turned. Behind him was the man he had noticed before, and

his eyes were on Winton's white face and white lips. Their eyes met, and the man smiled at him, cheerfully, bravely. A little blood came to Winton's cheeks, he glanced again at his arm, shivered, then turned and went on as the regiment moved forward again. A shell dropped in their midst, then another, men were falling on every side from the rifle fire. Ahead of them was a wall of solid, bursting flame, and the regiment, as brave as simple men can be, were hastily dropping back, now firing steadily. It took Winton's mind a moment to comprehend that they were no longer advancing. When he understood, he retreated slowly, but he was already alone. He was not afraid; if he had been going out to fight a single man, he would have realized his danger, but in this struggle between two peoples, his own life seemed hardly concerned. He scarcely looked at the bodies of the men he had known. Then suddenly he dropped on his knees beside a man, the man he had wanted to know. He lay there quite still, his face distorted. Winton spoke to him softly, then very gently touched his arm. There was no movement. With hope rather than any fear, he tore open the man's coat and shirt and laid his hand over his heart. The flesh was moist and warm, but there was no beat beneath it. He rose to his feet, the vacant, dazed look was fast going from his eyes. He gave a quick, half-ashamed glance around, then bent again and touched the dead man's face, tenderly smoothing out the distortions and closing the eyes. He rose again, grasping his rifle, and went forward once more. He knew what war meant now, he knew the personal hatred for the men who had killed his friend. Without need of any orders, and with no more irresolution, he advanced against the battery. The firing had ceased since the retreat, and he went forward swiftly. He passed beyond the farthest bodies, beyond where any foe had come that day. A few figures appeared above the breast-works. He dropped on one knee, and picked off two. Then with joy in his heart, he went on again. Once more he shouldered his rifle, but before he could fire, he dropped it with a gasp of pain. He staggered to his feet, and went on without it. There was another little puff of smoke from the breast-works, and he fell. Once more he rose, swaying with the hurt,

the desire in his heart to kill with his own hands forcing him along. He stumbled on, sobbing with the pain, till a third bullet ended his misery and his hope, and this time he lay where he had fallen, far in front of all the others, now, as he had been all through his war, alone.

John W. Clark.

DANTON ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.

Under the window of Robespierre!

His eyes stare out through the fast-barred grate
On the tumbril, the fists and the red-caps there.

Smile, Robespierre! for the hour is late,
And the mob, which thy hirelings animate,
Like a crimson snake glides after me.
Yet the love of today is tomorrow's hate,
And, even as I, thou too shalt be!

No more will the Revolution flare;

From tonight 'twill lie ashen and desolate,
And my death will leave thee the quaking heir
To a nation's anger, whose growing weight
Will crush thy pride and thy tawdry state.

Though France seems to bend to thy tyranny,
Yet the guillotine blade—will it hesitate
When, even as I, thou too shalt be?

My life will fade with the sunset glare

'Neath the Liberty Statue, where await
The throngs from Saint Antoine—Yea, stare!
No coward am I, nor disconsolate.

My soul shall cling to the dial-plate
Till the flame we kindled mounts to thee.
Thou shalt cower, sleek god of the Third Estate,
When, even as I, thou too shalt be!

L'ENVOI

Citizen, ready to dedicate

Thy life and thy lands, that thy state be free,
Give them, nor grieve at a patriot's fate
When, even as I, thou too shalt be!

J. Edward Meeker.

THE YELLOW PASSPORT.

ON the day of Moische Potnik's baptism into the holy Russian Church, the streets of the Ghetto were lined with his countrymen, reviling him, cursing him, spitting on him in their fanatic rage. At home, his mother and Riuke received him in silence and with averted faces. In despair Moische knelt before them. "Mother!" he cried, "forgive me! Give me thy blessing and let me depart." She arose dumbly and left him on his knees. Then, with a dark brow, he gathered the small sum of his possessions, and turned his face to that other world, which lay before him. As wide as all Russia it seemed, yet he must tread it alone.

For when Moische Potnik left the gymnasium at Velsk, he was confronted by two alternatives:—the life of a despised Jew among his people, or baptism into the Russian Church. His mother was anaemic and helpless. His sister Riuke earned a tiny salary at a milliner's and studied at night, working sixteen hours of the twenty-four. For some time then, Moische lived on the small wages which he could earn by work outside the pale. But at the end of the third month, when he seemed squarely confronted by disgrace and poverty, he had determined to forsake his religion to gain life.

Henceforward, as an orthodox Russian, Moische's way was smooth. He had found a military officer to be his godfather, and this patronage opened countless closed doors. He quickly slipped through the university, and by the influence of his godfather secured a place as inspector of passports in the office of the police at Smolinski. His life grew more and more to lie in another world than his home. Only once had he received a letter from there to report his mother's death, and all his messages brought no reply. Gradually he delegated the thought of home to a hidden corner of his brain, where it lay half-forgotten, awakening at times to bring a pang of reminiscence to his heart.

One evening in the fourth year after Moische had left Velsk, he was running through his great passport lists for the final time, before leaving for the day. By his side waited his friend, Dmitri Fadeieff, a graduate of the university and a writer of socialistic literature. They were to have a feast that night, for Dmitri had succeeded in escaping the censor with one of his books, and it had come out only that day. Dmitri and his friends would celebrate that night by a dinner at the café—red wine, caviar, white bread, a fee to the waiter—truly a feast, a sumptuous banquet. Dmitri was waxing impatient, for Moische seemed terribly slow; but the gay fire of gossip and witticism only served to delay him the more. Moische himself was gay; he allowed the stream of talk to flow on uninterrupted, and occasionally threw in a sally of his own.

On a sudden, however, Dmitri saw a startling change come over his companion. His face went white, his pen clattered over the desk to the floor, he shook in every limb, so that the long lists in his hand rustled noisily. Then, an unusual mark of passion in one usually so calm, he tore from his bosom a chain, and from its end the locket that hung there, and cast it from him to the farther side of the room. Gathering his shattered self-possession, he strode heavily out of the door, with eyes fixed staringly before him.

Dmitri stood for some time, speechless before this burst of passion, staring with blank face at the door, through which Moische had vanished. The locket, which had fallen on the floor in the further corner of the office, caught his eye, and he picked it up. The clasp offered some difficulty, but as it finally lay open in his hand, he saw within a picture of a girl with the dark hair and eyes of a Jewess. Her face was pale and not unattractive, except for an ugly scar, which disfigured the left temple near the hair. Her eyes were so large and black, that they caught Dmitri's eyes at once by their melancholy luminosity.

He dropped the picture on the desk. "He is in love, and I never suspected it." With which sage prediction he sat down to wait for Moische's return.

But for more than an hour he frowned gloomily at the clock, without a foot-fall breaking the frosty silence. At last, after filling a clean sheet in Moische's ledger with artistically written "Dmitri Fadeieff's," he dropped the locket into his pocket and set out for the lodging of his friend, with the hope of finding him there, and of still arranging the intended dinner.

The darkness into which Moische plunged after leaving the lights of the office was bright compared with the blackness in his heart. His thoughts whirled distractedly, yet; there was no desire to think clearly; for in so doing he renewed and heightened the anguish that was in him. For in the list of passengers who had left the train at Smolinski that night he had found this entry: "Riuke Potnik—twenty years old—Velsk—prostitute." This, then, was the cause of the outburst of despair which shook his very soul.

Moische had never known love for any woman except his mother and sister, and, since the former's death, Riuke had become his sole object of affection in the world. His adoration for her, instanced by the wearing of the locket, had received a most cruel, overwhelming blow from the discovery made that night. As he hurried from the lights of the town into the open country, one thought was uppermost in his mind. His conscience cried, "It is your fault. You are to blame because you left her to this."

Since he had abandoned his old faith, he had thought very little of religion, but now the Jew's idea of retribution came back overwhelmingly to him. In this affliction was apparent the stern hand of the Deity in anger toward the deserter of His faith.

His grief was that of a strong man who meets his first great sorrow, but slowly his senses recovered a bitter clearness. Then, with one single purpose fixed in his mind, he turned homeward.

Dmitri reached Moische's lodging almost two hours and a half after the latter had rushed from the police station. He rapped at the door in rather a perfunctory way, as one accustomed to free access to the room at all times. As no one responded, he tried the knob, which yielded to his touch, and stepped into the room. The parlor was empty, and with per-

fect freedom Dmitri walked toward the bedroom, muttering a half-oath. But on the threshold he recoiled as though halted by an unseen hand.

There, stretched on his bed, lay Moische Potnik, his face blank, eyes staring, a hole in one temple. There was no blood, no visible sign, except the pistol in his hand. Dmitri was awestricken by the calm, the almost majestic bearing of his friend, who lay there pale and dead. Then, in a daze, he threw open a window and shouted for the police.

A great confusion and hurrying to and fro ensued, and through it all the dead man lay passive, seeming more asleep than dead.

In the midst of this confusion there entered a young girl in the dress of a middle-class female artisan, with a cheap travelling bag in her hand.

"Is this the lodging of Moische Potnik?" she asked. "Potnik, the inspector of passports at the office of the police?" She turned inquiringly toward Dmitri, and he started as he recognized the scar and the compelling eyes of the girl in the locket.

"Yes, or that is to say, it was." And he pointed to the figure on the bed. With a sharp cry the girl leapt to the bedside, and caught the dead man's hand.

"Moische! Moische! Hear me! It is I, Riuke!" she cried, and sobbing, buried her face by his side.

The police were silent before this outburst of grief, and nothing but her bursting sobs broke the silence in the room. Then in an instant she arose, and, before a hand could be raised to stop her, she had vanished through the outer door into the darkness.

The next day a letter came for Moische Potnik, whose postmark indicated that it had been nearly a week in the mails. As the nearest friend of the dead man, Dmitri opened and read it. It ran as follows:

Velsk, January 12, 18—

MY BROTHER:

I hope soon to see you in Smolinski. My aunt has procured for me the yellow ticket of a prostitute, by which I can travel without any difficulty. Till Tuesday evening, then. Adieu!

Faithfully your sister,

RIUKE.

D. P. Frary.

THE ROLICKING TAVERN STAVE OF MISTRESS
MARGERY MARCHBEER.

"O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved
in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery Marchbeer."
—*Kit Marlowe, Dr. Faustus.*

The flaring Embers paint the Beams
And the Wainscoat's all aglow;
While Old Dog Tray on the Hearth-Rug dreams
Of the Autumn Hunt's Hallo;
October Ale is past and stale,
But we have a merrier Cheer—
So Hey for our Queen of Revels, hail
To Margery Marchbeer!

The Squire smokes in the Ingle-Nook,
His Dame's to her Knitting plied,
Young Ralph pores over an Angler's Book,
Sprawled by the Fireside.
The March Winds roar, full far seems Spring,
But blithe is the Time of Year
When we clink the Tobies and merrily sing
To Margery Marchbeer!

The King's Highway 's in a frightful State,
And the Church proclaimeth Lent;
The Mud 's to the Axles, the Mail is late,
And our Diet most abstinent.
But for one Delight the Book denies
We'd at the Canon jeer,
When he so piously vilifies
Our Margery Marchbeer!

Then fill the Tankards brimming full,
And drink a Toast all 'round,
And at the clay pipes puff and pull—
Let English Cheer abound!
Abroad we have no list to roam
For the Skies are dull and drear—
We'd rather far be snug at Home
With Margery Marchbeer!

Hudson Hawley.

NOTABILIA.

THE YALE REVIEW.

The new publication has already received the applause of the New York dailies. The *News* has made its bow, or, rather, its bows seventy times seven times repeated. The *LIT.* is no less enthusiastic, even if more subdued. The first number is an earnest of an excellent magazine. We wish it all success.

J. LEC. B.

PORTFOLIO.

AFTERTHOUGHTS OF CECCO THE BRAVO.

Full many a dead man peers at me
 With whose vain blows this sword is nicked.
 I laugh thus in their faces—see!
 'Twas in fair fight—they were not tricked.
 I've never feared them in my sleep;
 They're fools, fit for a coward's bed.
 An honest rapier pierced them deep;
 I fear them not because they're dead.

They scowl at me, since in disgrace
 They roam the Hell old Dante tried.
 But, God!—that other placid face
 That looms forever by my side!
 For him I stabbed in his bed at night
 Without a chance to ward the blows.
 Eyes lustreless, and lips so white—
 How calm it is the Devil knows.

Within his throat the alarum of death
 Rattled, whispered, and ceased to be.
 And as I waited his final breath
 That pallid face stared up at me.
 Paul! If those eyes would ever hide—
 If those still lips would only curse!
 Each night they hover at my side
 Like lanterns on the Devil's hearse.

And now each lily that I see
 Looks as 'twere sleeping peacefully.
 And the heavens, with anger-sodden cloud
 Or puffy white, looks a mottled shroud.
 And the sun glides down the paling sky
 Like a drop of blood in a dead man's eye.

J. Edward Meeker.

—Tomlinson gave up the ghost, says Kipling, in his house
 in Berkeley Square. A spirit, waiting by the bed,
A DEFENSE caught his soul and whisked him from his warm
OF room into the night outside. Tomlinson shud-
TOMLINSON dered at the whirring sound and the roar of the Milky Way.
 At Heaven's gate Saint Peter faced him. "Stand up, Tomlinson,
 and answer the good that you have done for men." Tomlinson
 said that if his priest were there, *he* would make answer for him,
 but Peter told him the race was not run by two and two. So
 Tomlinson explained what he had read, and heard, and thought.

"But what have you *done*," said Peter, and shook his keys, and turned him from the gate. Again the spirit caught him, and this time whisked him down to Hell. Here Satan asked him for the harm that he had done to men, but Tomlinson could think of none, except what he had read or heard tell of. Then Satan grinned behind his bars, called him a whimpering thief, and said:

"There's sore decline in Adam's line, if this be spawn of earth,

Go back to the world and do something really wicked'—

And—the God that you took from a printed book be with you, Tomlinson."

From these scanty hints about Tomlinson's life, we are unable to gather where he went to college. But we may safely assume that he was never under the influence of our Yale doctrine of strenuosity. At the Freshman reception, where the successfully strenuous upper-classman pauses long enough to point out the advantage of being strenuous, he would have been swept away with other plastic characters like himself, into an aimless activity. Poor Tomlinson!

It seems never to have occurred to this upper-classman afore-said that there must be someone to buy tickets, to cheer at the games, to subscribe to minor athletics. Imagination staggers at the spectacle of a Yale-Harvard football game with three thousand men on a side. No, there must be Tomlinsons a-plenty escorting furs and veils, or playing listener to some Yale Nestor, full of the mighty deeds in his day and in the old time before him.

Now, in this matter of rejecting Tomlinson, the orthodox will not be surprised to hear that the devil was in the wrong. However, that orthodox notion of the devil can be made to prove entirely too much. If the devil be as bad as he is painted, why should he content himself with the legitimate proceeds of a diminishing stock of wickedness, and never filch a few good souls to whom he has no title? To reject Tomlinson, merely because he had never done any wrong, on the plea that good pit coal was too expensive to be burning the likes of him, argues a sudden economy, quite inconsistent with the extravagant Satan who caters to Pittsburg society. Moreover, Tomlinson was distinctly eligible. We are told he had a house in Berkeley Square.

But what is vastly more astounding than Satan's repudiation of our friend Tomlinson, was that Saint Peter also found him unacceptable. Liberal gifts to the church over the way (subject

to stipulations in the matter of bell-ringing), a large speaking acquaintance and considerable good reading—none of these appeased the exacting doorkeeper of Heaven. Possibly Tomlinson's fondness for coffee in bed, orchids, and manicuring may have affected this good Saint's impartiality. The best of us have our prejudices. Yet how out of place in the bright and beautiful Heaven which Rosetti has given us in his Blessed Damosel would be the vigorous and efficient worker—the man after Saint Peter's own heart! Rosetti and the Easter card make us associate doves with the heavenly city. Yet one would be puzzled to point out what good they do in the world, beyond being beautiful, and one of the few rhymes for *love*. To exclude Tomlinson because he was merely ornamental would be as absurd as to wish all the doves were carrier pigeons.

It is obvious that Tomlinson deserved both Heaven and Hell, and should not have been excluded from either. Indeed, it is rather puzzling to know just what to do with him. It seems a pity to leave him dangling between the worlds, like Mohammed's coffin, no better off than he was before. But both his claims are so evenly balanced, that it would require a fresh judgment of Solomon to dispose of him.

Allan Shelden.

GIFTS.

The whole world lays its treasures at thy feet;
I lay but in the dust a love that fears.
All nature brings its off'rings rich and sweet;
I bring the grey ghosts of the withered years.

The moon paints silver pathways for thy dreams;
I watch the moon-kissed clusters of thy hair.
For thee the sunset ocean flows and gleams;
I only see thy face dim-mirrored there.

The whole world lays its treasures forth for thee;
My treasure is thine image in my heart,
A cross upon my breast that none may see,
A sacred vow, a white shrine set apart.

Archibald MacLeish.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Baseball Scores.

June 4—Yale, 2; Princeton, 5.

June 11—Yale, 6; Princeton, 3.

June 18—Yale, 2; Harvard, 8.

Phi Beta Kappa.

The following were elected from the Senior Class: W. B. Emery, J. E. Fisher, S. Foster, W. D. Frank, R. P. Goldman, F. S. Goucher, H. Grant, W. Jameson, T. A. Kilborne, J. R. Kilpatrick, W. T. Kimber, D. A. Marks, G. C. Meagley, L. S. Morrison, R. G. Trotter, G. M. Turnbull, A. R. Wheeler, and W. R. Wheeler.

The Dramatic Association

Presented "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," on June 19th, on the Campus.

Chi Delta Theta

Was awarded William Chester Smith, manager of the *Yale Literary Magazine*.

The Banner-Pot Pourri

For 1910-11, was published June 5th.

Hogans.

The following were elected: J. Morse Ely, Lawrence M. Cornwall, Carl Parsons, John R. Winterbotham, Edward P. O'Brien, Elmer McDevitt, Harold Carhart.

Pundits.

The following were elected: Julian C. Biddle, Lawrence M. Cornwall, Eric P. Dawson, Gerald C. Murphy, Alexander C. Tener.

The Dramatic Association.

L. M. Cornwall, on September 28th, was chosen to succeed W. C. Bullitt as President.

The Yale Review

On October 1st made its initial appearance.

Football.

On September 27th, Yale defeated Wesleyan, 21—0.

Wrestling.

The Freshman won the annual match on the Campus, taking two bouts.

Intercollegiate Golf.

Yale Golf Team won, G. C. Stanley, 1913, being individual champion.

The Senior Council

Was elected in part from 1912, on October 3rd, as follows: Arthur Howe, William V. Griffin, Alexander C. Tener, Elmer McDevitt.

BOOK NOTICES.

The reviewer's study is too reminiscent of a second-hand book-stall to permit this monthly effusion being other than a conglomerate of the Summerzoic era. The books lie every which way, and the authors nearly always—but who cares? Nobody, except the dust-effacing janitor and the self-effacing writer. Some of the authors seem to have something to say, others seem to have to say something; the latter class prove that, while necessity may be the mother of invention, it is more often the stepmother; the present proves altogether too much for present exploitation.

A saying which the editors of the LIT. have occasionally heard asserts that "they never come back." We challenge our sporting brethren: they always come back. To the doubter we recommend, for one, Owen Johnson, whose "*Tennessee Shad*" (Baker & Taylor Co., \$1.20 net) we have been digesting. Mr. Johnson comes back with an attempt to duplicate his former Lawrenceville stories. He reminds one of a fisherman who has stripped his pond clean of good fish, but who, habituated, continues to fish. This time Mr. Johnson has caught a skate—albeit he calls it a Tennessee shad. This yarn is overdone, strained in its attempt to extract humor from horse-play, interest from banality. Please don't come back to Lawrenceville again, Mr. Johnson!

Max Pemberton, that versatile and prolific English novelist, also "comes back"—and with much more success. In "*Captain Black*" (Hodder & Stoughton, \$1.25 net) he has continued the adventures of "*The Iron Pirate*." Those who have read other works of Mr. Pemberton will agree with Andrew Lang, that this talented writer had abilities for work more significant than piratical romances on the order of Cooper and Verne. With regard to "*Captain Black*," however, one must say that its author has realized the book's every possibility and thereby provided six hours of clever entertainment.

It is fair to concede to rising English novelists a superiority in subject and technical matter. Who have we to compare with Bennett, Galsworthy, Locke or Wells. Churchill and Herrick? No, no. Hopkinson Smith and Dr. Mitchell? Never. David Graham Phillips came nearer to being a really good novelist than any of these—he, at least, had something to say, he was more than sincere, he was sincere in a treatment of the thoroughly significant—and he knew how to write. Yet compare his best work, *"The Hungry Heart"* and *"The Husband's Story,"* with Galsworthy's *"Patrician,"* with Wells' *"New Machiavelli"*—with the book we have before us, *"John Verney"* (Doran), by an Englishman little known, Horace Annesley Vachell. One cannot fail to see the difference. This book is not a remarkable offering; it is merely a typical English novel of the better sort, notable for a complexity of interests, in plot, in characterization, in the fundamental life issues which the two leading characters symbolize—notable for all these, and, above all, for the balance Mr. Vachell has maintained between them. To those whose palate is offended by our ill-mixed, highly-seasoned concoctions in the line of "best sellers" we recommend the delicacy and flavor of a careful preparation like *"John Verney."*

Just because a book bears an English imprint is not always the best reason for buying it. Ecce *"The Exception,"* by Oliver Omons (John Lane, \$1.50). This is an exception to the foregoing paen on English novelists. Though possessing excellent qualities in the character study of a girl whose early life was an exception to canons of morality, it is marred by an affectation in style of the Maurice Hewlett order, and shows (as do the later works of that author) the deterioration inevitably following a straining for verbal effect. More typical of the high standard fiction published by the John Lane Co. is *"The Glory of Clementina,"* by W. J. Locke. While not quite the equal of *"Septimus"* or *"Simon the Jester,"* Locke's latest is thoroughly charming. Ephraim Quixtus—Septimus in other clothes!—and Clementina Wing are typically Lockian; the woof of their adventures, the mingling of humor, sentiment and extravagant fancy shows the skill of this weaver of the delightfully odd at its facile best. A charming book for those that like "the stuff that dreams are made on." More material fantasias are *"Jack and the Check*

Book," by John Kendrick Bangs, and "*Keeping Up with Lizzie*," by Irving Bacheller (Harper & Bros., \$1.00 net, each). The first is a series of up-to-date fairy tales, satirizing phases of the financial world; half the fun arises from Mr. Bangs' skill in altering so little of the original tales. "*Keeping Up with Lizzie*" is a poor business and capital reading; Mr. Bacheller has no love for the modern extravagant girl, and anyone will like the clever exposition of this dislike.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have favored us with the first ten volumes of their "Home University Series" (\$1.75 net, each). Of these we have read "*Shakespeare*," by John Masefield; "*Parliament*," by Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert; "*The Socialist Movement*," by J. Ramsay Macdonald, and "*The French Revolution*," by Hillaire Belloc. We find them both scholarly and entertaining. With regard to the last mentioned book, the writer, for some curious reason, mistrusted his ability to criticize a treatise on the French Revolution, and so consulted an expert in the university's historical department. It was pleasant to learn that Mr. Belloc's work was of sound scholarly value, for its perusal provides so much entertainment that one might conclude it was "too good to be true." Messrs. Holt & Co. are to be congratulated for publishing so inexpensive and well chosen a series, and we hope college men will give this edition some attention.

Eminently worth while is Antonio Fogazzaro's posthumous novel, "*Leila*" (George H. Doran & Co., \$1.35). This has been labeled a retraction—for what reason we have yet to discover. In no previous work has Fogazzaro attacked the Italian priesthood's reactionary work more fundamentally, and while, in the person of Don Aurelio, he maintains the authority of the Roman Church, his view-point is wholly that of Modernist—the attitude of one who desires the papal authority to be adapted to modern needs. Enlightened Catholics will find this work particularly interesting—and that they will read it is assured by the fact that it has been placed on the Index Expurgatorius.

Another superior piece of fiction is "*The Long Roll*," by Mary Johnston (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$1.40 net). As a dramatic panorama of the Civil War the book is remarkable. The wealth of well-chosen detail largely obscures, and is far more significant than the story. Devotées of Robert W. Chambers may find it tiresome—that, of course, is to its infinite credit.

Two less portentous offerings are "*Phrynette*," by Marthe Trolly-Curtin (Lippincott, \$1.25 net), and "*Diminutive Dramas*," by Maurice Baring, of "Dead Letters" fame (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$1.25 net). The first is one of the cleverest—and most sensible—satires on English and French life that has come over the water in a long day. It purports to be the experiences of a nineteen-year old *demoiselle* in dear ol' Lunnon, and although constant remarks on the order of "I find it is only the liar who can ever be really popular," and "Any subterfuge that helps beauty, why, it's decency in its most aesthetic form," are not generally associated with nineteen-year-old Phrynnettes, the book is fairly faithful to its pretensions, and under its cloak of levity significantly instructive. Mr. Baring has given us an original and quietly amusing series of playlets dealing, mainly, with historical characters. Two are exquisitely funny, "The Blue Harlequin," a parody on Maeterlinck, and "The Rehearsal," a representation of Shakespeare and the *personnel* of the Globe Theatre in a rehearsal of "Macbeth." Humor of a different order is found in Francis Perry Elliott's "*The Haunted Pajamas*" (Bobbs, Merrill Co., \$1.25 net). Throughout this is a "scream," albeit verging on the hysterical. This is not a book to be read by English butlers, American college instructors, or any other genus that takes itself and its dignity seriously. Such a book is a good antidote for Nietzscheism and Haeckelitis—and a very good substitute, it being nearly as sensible. Its prerequisite concomitants are a hammock, an afternoon off, a tall glass of something cool (not necessarily sarsaparilla), and that philosophic state of mind whose watchword is "Uneasy lies the head that wears a frown."

"Whenever you see the Clode imprint you can be sure of a worth while story." This dictum is found on the wrapper of "*Torchy*," by Sewell Ford (Edward J. Clode, \$1.25 net), and if this book be typical we are prepared to grant fully its publisher's claim. Sewell Ford will be remembered as the author of "*Shorty McCabe*," and in *Torchy* he has an excellent successor to his former diminutive hero. The stories involving him are clever, and his observations in pictorial slang make lively reading. *Torchy* is not concerned with "pale twilight hours," "the shadows of dim things," and all the other claptrap that, nowadays, is often mistaken for literature, and after the many inanities that are

inflicted upon humble reviewer, his unconventional narrative is as refreshing as the sight of an American tourist in some "dim, decaying city by the Rhine."

Finally, there are before us three novels by Englishmen, representing a master, an assistant and a student. Anthony Hope is the first, and in "*Mrs. Maxon Protests*" (Harpers, \$1.35 net), he has presented with his usual brilliancy a study of the false position incurred by a thoroughly good woman when she defies fundamental conventionalities.

Mrs. Maxon's marriage is a failure, so is her attempt to find satisfaction outside the marriage tie. And, as she exclaims, "If both orthodoxy and unorthodoxy go wrong, what is a poor human woman to do?" Mr. Hawkins' answer to this provides an interesting examination of the complexities of the divorce and separation question, and although he attempts no definite solution, his discussion exploits many suggestive theories of social philosophy. He touches a fundamental factor for solution when one of his characters remarks: "That's to some extent like the woman question—are we to change the law or the people first? Hope a better law will make better people, or tell the people they can't have a better law till they're better themselves?" The two quotations are inevitably two questions—because the book itself is precisely a long and brilliantly expressed question.

Mr. Morley Robert is the assistant referred to above. "*Thrope's Way*" (The Century Co., \$1.20 net) makes quick, diverting travel in company with a wayward young man who proposes to his beloved at dinner—their first meeting. The book is undeniably clever, though just reminiscent enough to make the reader exclaim: "Oh, Shaw!—you're not to be taken too seriously!"

The student is John Masefield, an English *litterateur* of the better type, whose "*Shakespeare*" we have already mentioned. In "*The Street of To-day*" (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.50) he has written a conscientious exercise in novel-writing—in substance a tirade against shallowness of the *nouvelle femme*. The exercise displays many crudities in technique, but its possibilities are undeniably promising. The necessary ingredients of a splendid novel are there, and more practice in their arrangement and proportionment will undoubtedly correct the author's present deficiencies. Too many authors are writing about nothing and

writing about it very cleverly, and to those who prefer an author who writes seriously, albeit crudely, about something significant, we gladly recommend the author of "*The Street of To-day*."

The perusal of these many books from many publishers has brought to mind the plus and minus degrees of excellence in the matter of the books' appearance. If all publishers would emulate the carefully attractive work of the J. B. Lippincott, Houghton, Mifflin, and E. P. Dutton companies, there would be far fainter a cry for the "lost art of bookbinding."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"You don't mean to say you've been writing, and on our good paper?" said I. "Between your Saintship's efforts and the large and largely amorous correspondence of the Board, we'll soon be forced to use the wrappers of exchanges!"

The Sanctum table was more than usually littered, and presiding over the havoc proudly sat the Old Gentleman.

"Yes, my child," retorted he, "that's the way I've occupied myself during vacation. Would you have me prowl around graveyards, like the Owl, or lead the cotillion at Savin, of which I have long suspected the fair Minerva? I did begin by reading, but got no further than that sonnet of Mr. Richard LeGallienne, commencing—

"We're going home!" I heard two lovers say.

They kissed their friends and bade them bright good-byes;

I hid the deadly hunger in my eyes,

And lest I might have killed them, turned away.'

That was too much for me! It's just as well for Richard that he turned away—can you imagine the scene—the happy couple; and Richard rushing violently at the bride; and she giving him a good slap; and Richard falling on the ground and bursting into tears; and the friends discussing the Dreyfus case? Well, after that I took to scribbling, and produced a series of masterpieces. To begin with, I have written a few 'Letters to Dead Authors': No. 1—To Mr. Bernard Shaw; No. 2—To Herr Hermann Suderman, etc. Then, I've written a delicious 'Imaginary Conversation between Charles Baudelaire and Felicia Dorothea Hemans,' and also a comprehensive brochure on 'Swinburne as Critic,' which consists of one word only—'Damn.' Finally, I have here a paper—'In Defence of the LIT. Essay.' I begin as follows: 'We are at present participating in a renaissance of the rococo, and formal excellence is in great demand. Consequently, it has of late been the unfortunate—'

"My dear Saint," interposed I, "it's all very admirable to defend the indefensible, to protect the hopelessly orphan, but why not pay attention to something of genuine critical value, like, say, Rodin's interpretation of Balzac? I cannot comprehend the attitude of the French government in refusing to accept that terrific creation, for whether a work of plastic art or not, it undoubtedly is a literary document of great value.—You know it, that strang, shapeless pillar, mountain of flesh; like some Indic monument of prehistoric times; like some menhir whitened with the dung of vultures? On a Patmos-peak, disdaining humanity, it stands, facing with hopeless defiance the grey rolling heavens, confronting the pitiless cosmos with the pride and force of its ego. It is of the earth, massive, crapulous yet unearthly, distorted in the agony of creation. All those mighty dreams—the power-passion of Vautrin, the vanity of Lucien, the lust of Hulot, the

hunger of Goriot, inform this divination of their poet, master of city and world, and piteous in the solitude of his monstrous genius."

The Saint arose. "Young man," said he, "Rodin, Balzac, are ephemeral; art itself will wane and disappear with the rise of the great unwashed; but the Lit. Essay is eternal!" Thereupon he disappeared behind the steam-pipes, and I haven't seen him since.

P. L. R.

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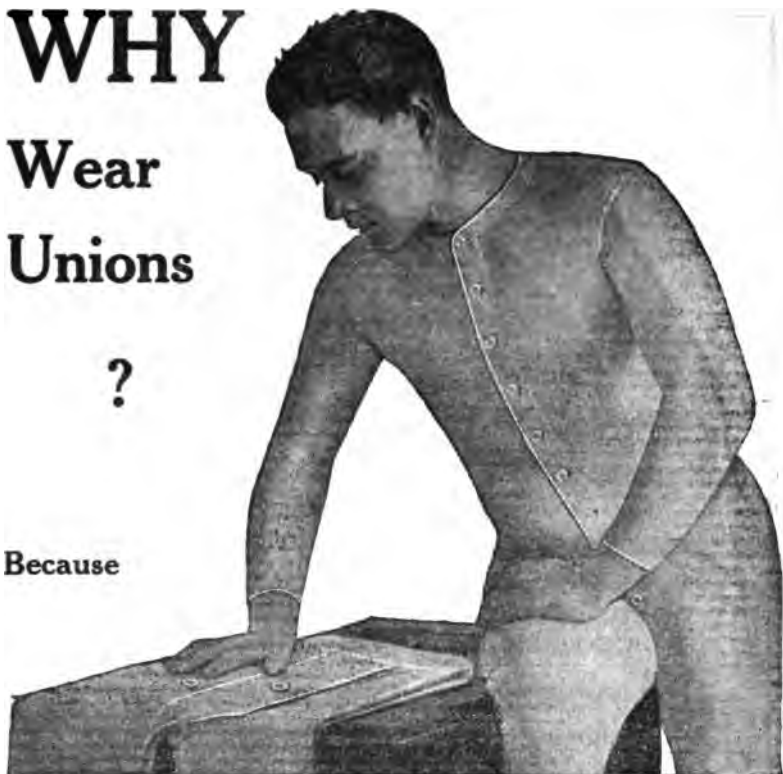
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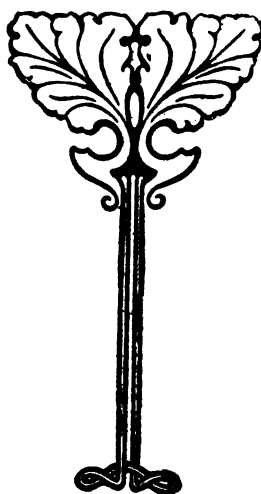
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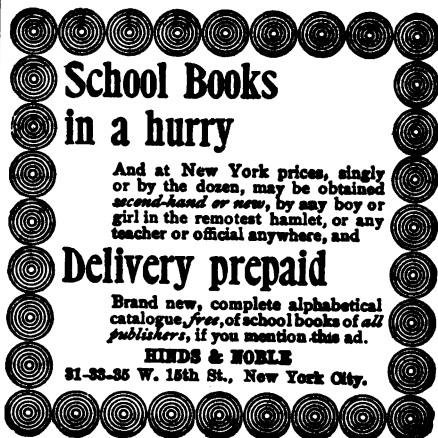
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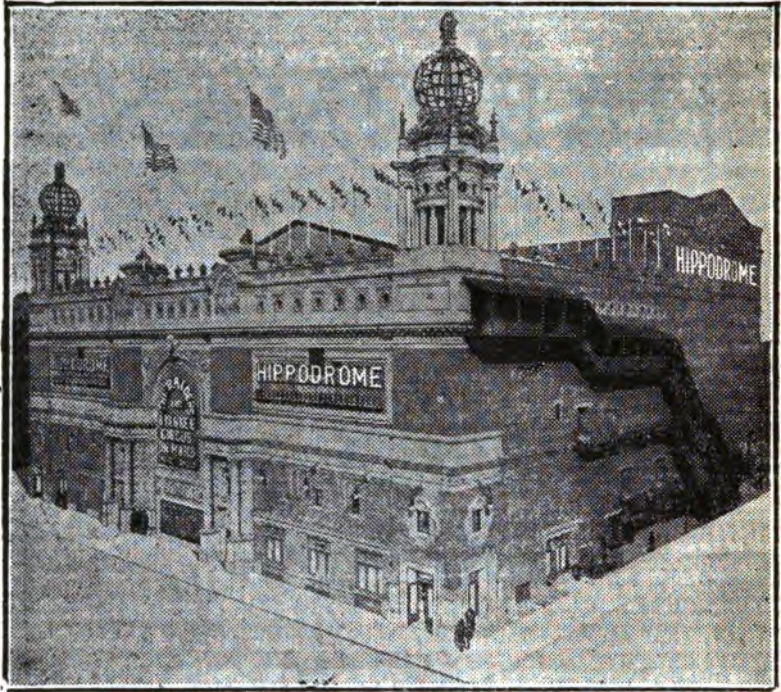
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